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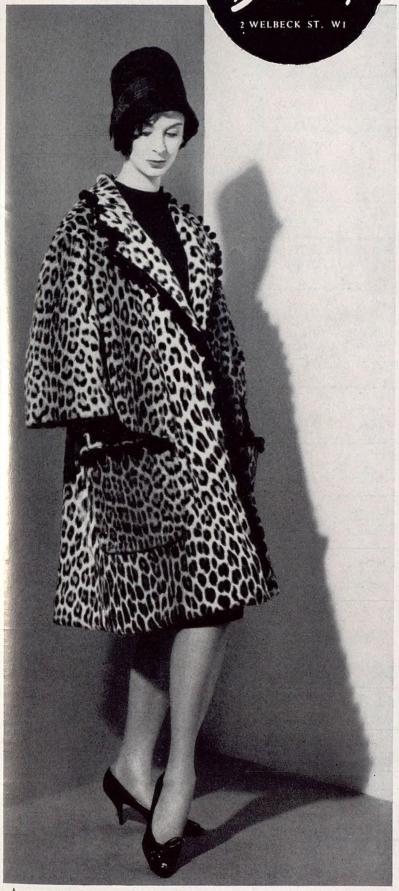


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effect. Usually 39/6 yard	SALE	10	/-	yard
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designs. Usually 27/6 yard	SALE	15	6	yard
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Everglaze Chintz in small Chinese pattern on white ground. 48" wide wit	h Blue	Gold or Ta	n de	esian
Usually 17/11 yard	SALE	10110		yard
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and Natural backgrounds.		10/	G	
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Printed Union Linen and Cotton, 31" wide, floral design in Blue and F	Pink and			741
Printed Union Linen and Cotton, 31" wide, floral design in Blue and F Natural backgrounds. Usually 12/11 yard	Pink and	0/-	1	

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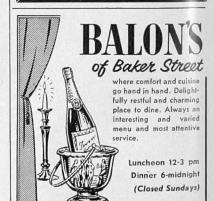
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Volume CCXL Number 3122

28 JUNE 1961

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MOTORING Two winners from Sweden 782

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THE SEASON FOR WINNERS

June's the month for horse-racing, for championship tennis and for Test cricket. Already the winners are beginning to emerge. The Queen was one at Ascot last week when her filly Aiming High carried off the Coronation Stakes. Ascot in pictures begins on page 745 and Muriel Bowen writes about the people and the parties there. Wimbledon is under way but it's too early to talk about winners though Denzil Batchelor makes some informed forecasts in a perceptive article on the outlook for tennis. See How open is Wimbledon? (page 750). One winner is always sure of a special cheer at Wimbledon. The durable Jean Borotra first played there in 1922, was twice singles champion and will be in action there once more this year, see The Basque bounds again (page 752). June's the month for weddings too, there has been a rich crop this year. Miss Henrietta Tiarks and the Marquess of Tavistock are the bride and bridegroom this week. Tom Hustler took the pictures on page 754. From weddings to churches, with special reference to some which many people thought would never be used again. The Rev. Prebendary A. Stephan Hopkinson, himself a City vicar, writes about them and Gerti Deutsch took the pictures for New life of the City churches (page 758). Fashion this week is all about summer jewellery, there are antique and modern gems in Flights of summer (page 766). Finally something new-or new to most people. It's a photographic process perfected by Madame Yevonde and you can learn more about it in Sitters solarized on page 762 . . .

The cover:



Miss Facing-both-ways is constant in one thing, an attachment to tennis. In fact it's more of an addiction though Britons are rarely granted the privilege of seeing a countryman carry off the ultimate title. Not that the fact has prevented the usual House Full signs at this year's Wimbledon. For a run-down on tournament prospects see Denzil Batchelor's article on page 750

Picture by DAVID SIM

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING Lawn Tennis Championships,

Wimbledon, to 8 July.

Puckeridge Hunt Ball, Fanhams Hall, nr. Ware, Herts, 30 June.

Royal Aero Club Rally, Deauville,

National Rose Society Show, Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, 30 June, 1 July.

Henley Royal Regatta, 5-8 July.

Bridge Party & Reception at Syon House, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, 3 July. (Tickets from Mrs. Susan With, R.N.L.I., 42 Grosvenor Gdns., S.W.1.)

Household Brigade Yacht Club Regatta, Calshot, 9 July.

English-Speaking Union Reception, Dartmouth House, 9 p.m., 18 July, for the U.S. Ambassador & Mrs. David Bruce. (Tickets: £1 5s. members, £1 10s. guests, from the Secretary, Dartmouth House, 37 Charles St., W.1.)

Monte Carlo Grand Gala, for the Monaco Red Cross, 11 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Alexandra Park, today; Liverpool, today & tomorrow; Carlisle, 28-30; Newmarket, 29, 30 June, 1 July; Haydock Park, Lingfield Park, 30 June, 1 July; Bath, Stockton, 1; Folkestone, 3; Edinburgh, Nottingham, 3, 4; Salisbury, 4-6; Pontefract, Yarmouth, 5, 6 July.

POLO

Cowdray Park, Benson Cup Final, 1 July; First rounds, Cowdray Park Gold Cup, 2 July.

CRICKET

Somerset v. Australians, Taunton, to

Third Test Match, England v. Australia, Leeds, 6-11 July.

COLE

English Amateur Stroke Play Cham-

pionship, for the Brabazon Trophy, Royal Liverpool, Hoylake, Cheshire, 29 June.

MUSICAL

Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, Covent Garden. Giselle, 28, 29 June; Swan Lake, 30 June, 1, 3 July (also mat. 2 p.m., 3 July); Gala programme (inc. Chopiniana) 4, 5 July. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. & solo violinist Yehudi Menuhin, 8 p.m., 30 June. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. 7 p.m., 9 July, Dame Edith Evans, Christopher Hassall, Mary Verney (poetry reading acc. harpsichord & piano). (MAY 5091.)

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, Hampstead. Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Charles Mackerras, 8 p.m., 1 July.

Crystal Palace Concert Bowl. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Basil Cameron, 7.30 p.m., 2 July.

ART

Summer Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House.

Henry Moore carvings, New London Gallery.

Australian Painting 1961, Whitechapel Gallery.

Ceremonial & London Pictures, Guildhall Art Gallery.

R. B. A. Exhibition, Suffolk St., Pall Mall.

FESTIVALS

Aldeburgh Festival opens today, to

Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music, 2-14 July.

EXHIBITIONS & FAIRS

Plastics Exhibition, Olympia, to 1 July.

Russian Trade Fair, Olympia, 7-29 July.



Sensation in court as the prosecuting officer shakes the defendant savage 1. An incident in The Andersonville Trial now having a short season at Mermaid Theatre. The actors are Maurice Denham and William Sylves ar

SON ET LUMIERE

Grey's Court, Henley-on-Thames, to 8 July.

FIRST NIGHTS

St. Martin's Theatre. You Prove It, tonight.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. They Might Be Giants, tonight.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 774.

Celebration, ". . . we are mildly entertained by the routine humour of two large North Country middle class families making preparations

for a wedding breakfast and retu ing from a funeral." Morg n Sheppard, Gabrielle Hamilton. (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

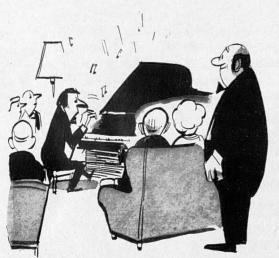
CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 775.

G.R. = General release

All In A Night's Work. "... sligh ly 1930-ish comedy of misundersta dings. Miss Shirley MacLaine males it worth seeing, and Mr. Dean Martin gives undeniably smooth support. This glossy film contains many a merry moment." G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham









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GOING PLACES LATE

Beyond the urban fringe

Douglas Sutherland

BEFORE THE WAR THE ROADHOUSE RANKED HIGH WITH THE YOUNGER set. The essential equipment was a red M.G., a golfing cap and a pretty girl—and heigh-ho for the open road. Places with intriguing names like the Spider's Web and the Ace of Spades resounded to the roar of exhaust pipes, splashes in the swimming pool and the happy tinkle of the cash register.

Today the roadhouse era seems ended. Surprisingly, this is not because people are no longer willing to tangle with the traffic after a hard day at the office, but because they are tending to go farther and farther afield to get away from it all. Christopher Snow, who has recently taken over the Dundas Arms on the Kennet near Kintbury, Berkshire, which is just about as far out as even the commuters venture, tells me that quite a lot of people come down from London just to dine, and at weekends it is essential to book a table. I don't wonder, for this is a charmingly peaceful place with a standard of cuisine and a wine cellar well up to West End standards. Moreover you can dine there up to 11.30 p.m., which is really going places late for that part of the world. Well worth seeking out.

Sonning, Henley and Marlow all have their quota of out-for-theevening Londoners. At Marlow I would specially recommend the Fitz Club run by Mr. Fitzroy Clayton. Quietly tucked away by the river just above Marlow Bridge it provides excellent, inexpensive food in delightfully countrified surroundings.

For less ambitious motorists there are the well-tried delights of Skindles Hotel at Maidenhead. Around these parts everywhere closes down at 11 p.m. and Skindles is no exception. This only applies to drinking, however, and nobody will try to hurry you if you want to dawdle over your coffee on the delightful terrace garden overlooking the river. Dancing every night until 11 p.m. with a Saturday night extension until 11.30. Price for the set dinner is 30s. and the manager is the well-known Mr. Trapani who went there some years back from the

The Hotel de Paris at Bray, another well-known dinner-dance spot near Maidenhead, is now, alas, closed and the site being used for property development. Next door, however, the Monkey Island Hotel is doing

very good business. You can dine in this historic old inn for 17s. 6d., and drink with food until 11.30. I would put Monkey Island high on the list of places to take anyone, from an American uncle to the latest girl friend. New proprietor Christopher Reynolds, who took over from Diana and Patrick Gibbings last year, is maintaining the high standard of hospitality and service they set. (The Gibbings now have the Royal Oak at Yattendon near Newbury, which is also well worth a visit.) You can stay at Monkey Island for the modest sum of 22s. 6d. for bed and

Finally, and nearer home still, is the Nordic Club outside Esher. This is owned by Bobby Vaughan-Jones who runs it with the nautical efficiency you would expect from a distinguished yachtsman. The Nordic is set on a delightful backwater with gardens leading down to the river. There is also a swimming pool in grounds attractively floodlit for late night bathers, and a paddling pool for the children and the less brave. Again there is a late night supper licence until 11.30 p.m. with a dinner-dance every Saturday night until 12.30. Altogether a club well worth knowing about, where sailing men and landlubbers mix with the greatest felicity.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) Eydie Gorme & Steve Lawrence Talk of the Town (REG 5051) Johnny Ray & the Ten O'Clock Colony (MAY 1657) Hutch Celebrity (HYD 7636) Max Wall and supporting bill Astor (GRO 3181) Rip Taylor, comedian with variety Hungaria (WHI 4222) Shani Wallis Winston's Club (REG 5411) Danny La Rue produces and stars in This Is Your Nightlife Savoy (TEM 4343) Ellis & Trina Winters, dance duo with the Savoy Dancers

Embassy (HYD 5275) The Maori Hi-Fi Showband, Davy Kaye and the Embassy Lovelies

Society (REG 0565) Jan McArt's last show Saturday; Felicia Sanders from Monday

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves, and Hutch



The identical Burt Twins are Quaglino's

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Translations from the French

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Royal Court Grill Room, Sloane Square. (SLO 9191.) In this small, well-ventilated room with its unusual trompe-l'oeil décor some excellent cooking is to be had. The range of cooking, accent on French, is much wider than the word "grill" might imply. The special dish each day is well worth choosing, and the smoked salmon is of high quality, as is the coffee. The wine list is good, and prices reasonable. The main course costs about 12s. 6d., a three-course meal without wine about 25s.

Le Bébé Rascasse, 59 Cadogan Street, Chelsea. (KEN 2839.) Small, French, plainly fitted in the current bistro fashion; pleasant, friendly atmosphere. The onion soup was nothing out of the ordinary, but the Escalope Smetana was excellent, also the petits pois, though rather dear at 4s. Coffee good, but it could have been hotter. Main courses cost from 9s. 6d. to 11s. 6d.; a whole meal, without drink, about 21s. No licence, but they send across the way. Service good.

A Sussex find

Eighteen miles from Brighton and 35 from London, Slaugham Place, near Handcross (Tel. Handcross 245) is worth remembering if you are going to Glyndebourne, racing in Sussex or using Gatwick Airport. Slaugham, a lovely village, lies off the Handcross-Horsham road. I ate a well-cooked meal there, including Poulet Grandmère, in a pleasant dining-room. Luncheon costs 12s. 6d., dinner 17s. 6d.; both are good value. Full licence in restaurant, club licence in bar. For those who tow their boats about with them there is an 18-acre lake, which also offers good coarse fishing.

Wine note

Many people have an idea that rosé wines have a lower alcoholic content than others, and so can be drunk in larger quantities. Sooner or later they discover that they are stronger than they look. Rosé is usually made by allowing the juice of red grapes to be in contact with the skins for about 12 hours, long enough to give the pink colour. In other cases black and white grapes are mixed in the pressing, while the Portuguese Mateus Rosé is made from a red grape with a pink juice. The Rhone and Loire rosés are the best in France, Tavel and Rosé d'Anjou being outstanding. Treat the Anjou 1959 with care. It was the strongest for years.



J. ALLAN CASH

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Touring in Donegal

Doone Beal

DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEIR WEATHER IS, IF ANYTHING, EVEN MORE ickle than our own, weather as such is a less obsessive topic of conversaion with the Irish than it is with us. A certain fickleness is taken for granted—even enjoyed—among a people who cannot tolerate monotony n any form. Swathes of dark purple, thunderous clouds can change in ninutes to a muslin of mist with the sun squinting through it, and in econds to a trumpet-burst of light behind great cauliflowers of cumulus backed by a blue which sometimes, miraculously, stays constant to hrow into relief the patches of yellow sphagnum growing by the treams and to dapple the hills with the same brilliance as the light of Freece and the Lebanon.

Now that distance has almost ceased to count any more, it must be he Irish weather-or its reputation-which has kept a land only 45 ninutes' flying time away almost inviolate from the real tourist hordes. Not that the weather interferes with the things one goes to Ireland for: he fishing, the golf, the racing. Traffic on the roads, apart from the odd inker's caravan or an occasional elderly motor stuffed to capacity with an entire family, is by British and European standards nonexistent and motoring becomes once again a blissfully un-neurotic pastime. Hotels are not yet ruled by the Catering & Wages Act, and there is the supreme pleasure, no longer possible in England, of arriving in some small market town and being welcome to lunch at two, or dinner at 10. True, some hotels are still simplified out of private bathrooms (though so many are renovating and replumbing that this will no longer be the case in a year's time)—but any lacks are more than compensated by a sheer willingness to please.

Not that all of the hotels are that simple. As I have observed on previous trips to Connemara and Kerry, some of Ireland's best hotels are in the wilds. Such a one is Rosapenna, at the neck of a peninsula in the northernmost part of Donegal. The hotel looks from the outside rather like an oversized cricket pavilion, backing on one side on to an 18-hole championship golf course, and on the other to a two-mile sickle of white sanded beach.

The proprietor, M. Bernard, is French and knows all about food. Six superb courses are offered for dinner—if you can ever get through

The white, white sands of Mulroy Bay, near Rosapenna

them all-and cold lobster and salmon are a constant for lunch. Plus the alternative of magnificent picnic hampers for people who want to spend the day outside, fishing, motoring or whatever. The green fees are 22s, a week, and hotel rates 50s, a day, inclusive, or 70s, for a suite, with private sitting-room and a peat fire never allowed to go out.

However, the good hotels in the "forgotten" county of Donegal being thinner on the ground than those of the more popular Connemara and Kerry, I'd be inclined, once having found the pearl of Rosapenna, to make it a base for touring the nearby country rather than set up a series of one-night stands. There are some magnificent drives: first, the brief but beautiful Atlantic Drive around the peninsula of Rosapenna itself. Here are more wonderful strands of beach, and heaven's own bonus if the weather were ever hot enough to lie on them and swim. In July and August, I am told, it often is. Then, a much longer drive which you can make right round the north-west coast, past Bloody Foreland and through the country of a thousand lakes known as the Ross's, to the fishing village of Killybegs and back on the inland route via Letterkenny. Directly inland is the mountain landscape of little ink-blue lakes, bronze marshes and seams of shining black peat, with only the sound of the gulls between you and splendid, brooding isolation.

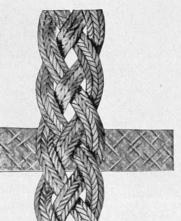
The road maps seem not quite to have caught up with this most remote part of Ireland, so that roads marked white on the map may turn out to be newly surfaced and quite important-looking, but may equally come to rather an abrupt halt and continue only as tracks. As a fellow-traveller pointed out, one clue to the roads which are going to lead nowhere is the dogs which come racing out of the cottages to bark. They have never seen a car before. So you reverse and make either for the nearest passer-by or the nearest publican, either of whom will furnish you with a bewildering variety of possible directions.

Along this route, a reasonable bedroom if your requirements are simple, or a decent meal by any standards, can be had at McFadden's at Gortahawk, Sweeny's at Dungloe, Bay View in Killybegs, all on the coast; and at Jackson's at Ballyboffey, on the inland road between Donegal city and Letterkenny.

The only other hotel that approximates to the comfort of Rosapenna is Ardnamora Estate on Lough Eske, a country house with eight rooms. Rates are £3 3s. a day per head, but they include fishing on Lough Eske and free riding. If you take your own car over to Ireland, you have no frontier problems between the Six and the Twenty-six Counties. If, however, you hire one in Dublin to tour Donegal, you will be well advised to cross the country south of the border and keep out of Ulster, as similarly hired cars in Belfast are not supposed to cross into the south.

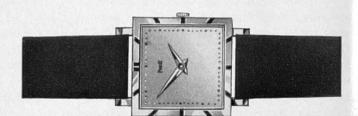


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KNIGHTSBRIDGE



THE TATLER 28 JUNE 1961

ROYAL ASCOT 1961



Ascot again, and the Queen & Prince Philip drive down the course on the first day. This year's meeting was marked by the opening of the new £1,000,000 grandstand of advanced—even controversial—design, and a win for the Queen in the Coronation Stakes. Perfect racing weather resulted also in a brilliant display of fashion. More pictures and Muriel Bowen's report overleaf

-



Lunch on a Bentley: Lady Beale (left) with her daughter Miss Yosefa Beale (right) and Miss Jennifer Maclean

ROYAL ASCOT 1961 continued

Muriel Bowen writes: The big topic at Ascot was the new grandstand. Everybody was talking about it and each time the Queen walked from the paddock to her box I noticed that she was looking it over as well. The Duchess of Gloucester characteristically went to see for herself. I met her on the top tier, busily looking for a friend's box. She had missed the lift and walked up. The stand certainly presents problems, for one thing it's so big that people are having to learn their way up and down it and those who got their bearings right at the outset were invaluable. I saw Sir George Dowty re-direct a pair of pretty girls who had come to the conclusion that the even numbered boxes were no more than a myth.

The boxholders are the great hosts and hostesses at Ascot. I asked some of them how they felt about the new boxes. Said Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Kent: "An enormous improvement. Now everybody has a luncheon room, I never had one before. Naturally though there are teething troubles to be got over . . . the lifts are a long way away and very busy and that means climbing up through all those bars." More approval came from Mr. A. G. Boyd Gibbins, businessman and polo player. He said: "I'm in the construction business and I think the improvement is fantastic. My one main criticism is that the top line of boxes should have been farther forward, it would make them twice as good. The escalators too should run to the top of the building, that can still be done."

Other opinions: from Mrs. Lew Grade, wife of the deputy managing director of A.T.V.: "I just loved our box. Everything was so convenient and the service was wonderful. I went to the paddock and the Royal Enclosure once . . . I didn't walk nearly so much as other years, the box was so comfortable I just stayed there." Sir Eric Bowater, the papermaker and bank director, said: "Overall it's a great improvement. I miss the intimacy of my old box, but the view from this one is magnificent. The facilities are well planned and very convenient." Approval too from Lady Burbidge, wife of Sir Richard Burbidge, the former chairman of Harrods:



Lady Norton & Major A. Huskisson



Lady Carolyn Townshend



Mr. G. Oldham



The Queen & Prince Philip drive past the new grandstand on the second day of the meeting

"We like our new box very much. I've only got one criticism, there isn't a single ledge in the box to put a drink on." In fact the Burbidges' box is the most comfortable of the lot to *sit* down in. Years ago Lady Burbidge had velvet cushions made for the chairs and she's taken them with her from the old box.

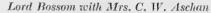
"Congratulations" was the most used word in Mr. & Mrs. Stanhope Joel's box. No wonder, it was a great Ascot for them with three wins. The family also had several horses placed. But no special celebrations afterwards. "We were all much too exhausted!" Mrs. Joel told me. "It was a quiet dinner and early to bed." They had their daughters, Mrs. Chandos Brudenell Bruce and Mrs. H. Thomson Jones with them. Others who dropped in to watch a race or two included Mr. & Mrs. Charles Benson, Major & Mrs. Douglas Vaughan, Mr. R. L. Jackson, who is

Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, & Mrs. Jackson, and Mr. & Mrs. Ted Dexter. I asked Ted Dexter if he were stiff after his wonderful innings at Edgbaston, to be told with a wry smile that it was nothing more than a day at the races could cure!

Good racing but the question of what's the best horse of 1961 seems as open as ever. St. Paddy had a fine win for Sir Victor Sassoon. But Ascot like Epsom is the poorer when Sir Victor isn't there himself to lead his horses in; he's one of the great personalities of the turf. Sir Victor & Lady Sassoon are at their house in Nassau where he is recovering from the severe illness he had earlier in the year. "He's as interested in everything as usual and I'm hoping that next year they will be over," Mrs. Charles Hughesdon, an old friend, told me. Incidentally Mr. Hughesdon is responsible for quite a few



s. R. W. Baird





PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Miss Jenny Birkin & her sister Amanda





Mr. & Mrs. H. Warwick Daw & their daughter Mrs. Mark Palmer



Viscount & Viscountess Pollington



Lady Rowlandson



Mrs. Hugh Wontner & her daughter, Miss Jenifer Wontner

noisplaced shirts. He arrived by helicopter at the Ascot Heath meeting on the Saturday. Friends noticing the use of this urgent means of transport promptly backed the Hughesdon entry in the first race but it ran unplaced.

For the politicians there must have been a secret joy in seeing the balance of power (so much the other way with the Common Market at the moment) tipped back in our favour. For the first time since the war not one staying race went to France. Talking of politicians, Sir Winston & Lady Churchill were there, and their son-in-law, Mr. Christopher Soames, the Minister of Agriculture. He was driving a smart low-slung Continental car. The smart and expensive ears come to Ascot in their hundreds. But it is the Queen's carriage procession up the course that provides the great moment.

The picturesque turnout of the Coaching Club

wasn't as strong as other years. Sir Dymoke White, the President, drove over from Windsor with his gleaming black park drag. So too did Mr. & Mrs. Bassie Gilbey, setting off down the Long Mile at a spanking pace with a load of relations and friends. He has a nicely matched team this year and a pair of leaders with great joie de vivre which won him the first prize in the amateur pairs at Richmond. It takes a skilled whip to get a four-in-hand through the Ascot traffic, not to mention the police bollards. This is something appreciated by the crowds. Coaching traditions die hard. Few were the grey-hatted onlookers who didn't realize that one always raises one's hat to the whip of a coach and four.

Mrs. Evelyn Sharpe, the American hotelier, was busy jotting things other than form and jockeys on her racecard; she had come over

on behalf of the New York State Racing Committee to have a look at Ascot. "Trouble is that there is so much to see and to notice and I shall not be able to take it all in," she said to me. More people racing: Lady Brocklebank, Mr. & Mrs. George Cross, Sir John & Lady Pascoe, Lady Pode (in a smart shade of corn colour yellow silk), and Mr. & Mrs. John Sharpe, who were entertaining the former Swiss President, Dr. Carl Kobelt.

I saw Lord Bossom, a queue of people gathered round waiting to shake his hand. He moved a couple of weeks ago from his fine house in Carlton Gardens (which is to be pulled down) to a flat at St. John's House, Smith Square. "I'm nearly straightened out now," he told me. "But no flat is ever exactly what one wants, especially after a big house." Still more racing:

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

ROYAL ASCOT 1961 continued



Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, and Princess Margaret







Miss Pamela Gridley in a rose pink organza hat



Miss Zsuszi Roboz in a cartwheel of translucent straw



Mrs. Ian Joseph's hat had a crown of white roses

Capt. & Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Lady George Cholmondeley, Miss Camilla Wigan, Miss Penny Ridsdale, and Miss Catharine Noble in a great big floppy lampshade sort of hat. Pink was the colour of this year's Royal Meeting. It came in all shades from deep rose to candy. I thought Mrs. Peter Dollar looked very chie with her very pale pink suit and deep pink petalled

Princess Alexandra was smart in her heavy ribbed silk white coat and shamrock green sailor hat. The Begum Aga Khan, always striking, was in an aquamarine coat and hat of the same shade. This was her first Ascot for several years and it was a disappointment; the two-year-old she was to run went blind a short time ago. As always the smart women stood out. I liked the lavendar grey coat with red and pink

petalled hat worn by the Hon. Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore, wife of our new Ambassador to the United States. Meanwhile one of my mathematical friends has been telling me that the new stand will bring in £290,000 a year for seats and boxes. It sounds like a million pounds well spent.

THE BEAUMONT CENTENARY

This is the time of year when the social hardy annuals and school functions are sandwiched side by side. Indeed at social functions schools have never been more discussed than they are today. When the Queen visited Beaumont College it was the boys who showed her round and explained the school's activities (see picture on page 753). "Our boys are what we're proudest

of here, so I didn't want the Queen surrounded all the time by a whole lot of masters," Very Rev. J. Costigan, s.J., the Rector, told me afterwards.

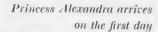
Afterwards Philip Hinds, Rodney Clayton and Jonathan Johnson-each one representing a different section of the school-gave the Queen presents for the royal children. Inquiries had previously been made as to what they would like. There was a tennis racket for the Prince of Wales, a transistor radio set for Princess Anne, and an abacus for Prince Andrew.

This is centenary year for this Jesuit college which is noted for the number of old boys who become successful lawyers. Part of the celebrations included a tremendous ball in the Indoor Playground with the whole place a sea of lights,



The Queen, the Princess Royal and Princess Margaret

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN







Irs. W. Northcote rom Sydney



The Begum Aga Khan on the second day of the meeting



Miss Fleta Nattrass from Perth, Australia



Footnote: jewelled feet spotted on Gold Cup day

lowers and coloured lanterns, and the M.C.C. uccessfully took up a challenge from the follege. School centenaries are inseparable from centenary appeals. Beaumont is no exception and Sir Charles Russell's committee has so far brought in £60,000. The target is £100,000.

PASSAGE FROM INDIA

It's the time of year to leave India. The weather is bad. When we ruled India come June we always got out. Now the Indians do the same. London is swarming with them. They're at Ascot, Lord's and already talking about Henley. In the best British tradition this is all nicely spliced with work. Mrs. Dingle Foot gave one of her excellent parties for the Chief Justice of India, Shri B. P. Sinha, at her Westminster

flat. Her husband, Mr. Dingle Foot, Q.C., M.P., and the Chief Justice are old friends. Adm. of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma was there. and so were Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas, Q.C., M.P. & Lady Ungoed-Thomas, Judge Basil Herbert, Q.C. & the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Vanneck, and Sir Andrew & Lady Cohen. They've recently got back from U.N. He was posted to the U.N. and she was a great success as a lecturer in the States. The Attorney General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Q.C., M.P., was another who came to this party and still more were Mr. & Mrs. G. V. McClanahan of the U.S. Embassy, Lady Pamela Berry, Miss Honor Balfour, and Princess Elizabeth Bagaaga of Toro who is up at Cambridge. It could have been too crowded had it not been for Mrs. Foot's foresight. Faced with

the fact that virtually everybody invited accepted she jollied up the fire escape to take care of the overflow. It was a nice warm evening providing the unusual sight of a fire escape full of judges.

The Earl of Inchcape gave a reception for Professor Humayan Kabir, Indian Minister for Science & Culture, at his home in Regent's Park. Viscount Hailsham, whose portfolio takes in science but not culture, was there. So too were Sir Paul & Lady Benthall, Col. & Mrs. Alastair Maynard, Major-Gen. & Mrs. W. H. A. Bishop, and Mr. T. N. Kaul, Deputy High Commissioner for India. The guests toured round Lord Inchcape's fine collection of paintings. He's a very judicious collector and has been adding to his collection. One of his recent acquisitions is a magnificent Constable of Hampstead Heath.





NICOLA PIETRANGELI

OF PEWN IS WIMBLEDON?

Denzil Batchelor

takes a look at some
of the gaps that could
have been filled
in this year's
tournament line-up

HE one thing certain about an "open" Wimbledon-would that it were Open in the wider sense of the word!—is that the six best lawn tennis players in the game aren't taking part in it. They, being professionals, can get no nearer Wimbledon than Wembley, whither the faithful if not the fashionable pursue them in the full knowledge that Jack Kramer's troupe do not take it in turns to win tournaments, but put everything they've got into each match -and in the process play the best tennis seen in England during the year. Gonzales, Hoad, Rosewall, Olmedo, Mackay and Buchholz are not only better than the amateurs—a little experience in the hard school of professional tennis having revolutionized the games of the last-named two-they are also more exciting and entertaining to watch.

Well, we are having to do without them at Wimbledon once again this year because—though Britain, France, Australia and the United States all wanted an Open tournament, they failed to achieve the necessary two-thirds majority at last year's International Federation by five votes—some say because one voter was in the cloakroom at the psychological moment. Others presumably were sleeping after a three-hour lunch, or arranging picnics on the Seine.

What is worse is that Britain's attempt to revive the project at the next International

Federation meeting in Sweden soon aft Wimbledon seems also fore-doomed to failur The resolution reads: "That, as an experime the championships and other official champio ships if desired, be allowed to accept entries fro professionals as well as amateurs in 1962." Th year the United States and France-largely di to the influence of Jean Borotra-backet Britain: but Australia changed its mind. On reason for this switch was that Australian tenni legislators were suspicious of the part that would be played by Jack Kramer in the direction of "Open" lawn tennis. He would be, they considered, a Czar, and able through his halfdozen top-ranking players to dictate to the whole lawn-tennis playing world.

Pancho Gonzales, star of Kramer's troupe, emphasized his boss's ruthlessness in his autobiography Man With A Racket. For the first six matches of an Australian tour gross receipts reached \$113,000. At Kooyong alone \$42,000 was taken at the gate: Kramer presented the Victorian Association with \$3,200 from matches played in the State. All tennis played by his stars was on courts belonging to amateur clubs. "It hurts me," said an Australian legislator, "to see professionals get rich by exploiting the amenities amateur officials have worked to build up."

On the subject of his own financial dealings

MARGARET SMITH

ANN HAYDON JOAN LEHANE

with Kramer, Gonzales sounded a shrill note; of his first five-year contract he said: "That's a long time to be in bondage. It didn't take Lincoln that long to free the slaves." And again: "Tennis seems to be the only sport where the champion takes short pay, while the challenger commands fantastic figures." None the less, after this Wimbledon fortnight somebody is going to be eager to earn those fantastic figures to challenge whoever is the star of the Kramer circus. Who will it be? The odds are that the winner of the men's singles comes from Australia. My favourite is Neale Fraser, despite the fact that only an accident prevented the novice Buchholz from defeating him last year. He has every stroke in the game, is as determined a fighter as Cochet himself, and has the mental stamina that is the hall-mark of the Wimbledon winner. Any masterful player can look every inch a champion by Saturday night at the end of the tournament's first week but it's the gruelling

Fraser is given top ranking in Australia though he didn't compete in his own national championship which was won by Roy Emerson from Rod Laver, twice a defeated Wimbledon finalist. I saw Laver crack up completely against Emerson in the final of the hard court hampionships at Bournemouth, where a British Davis Cup player told me that Laver was completely stale whereas Emerson was a dedicated player hardly yet on the crest of the wave hat must lead to success. Since then, Emerson has been beaten by Merlo, a redoubtable player on Continental hard courts but scarcely a crious contender at Wimbledon.

programme of the second week that counts.

The Americans have seldom sent over such a reak male entry and their best amateur, ecording to the national ranking list, is B. Bartzen, a clay-court champion, essentially a baseline player and no sort of challenger for Vimbledon. If the States have a chance it must est on 19-year-old "Chuck" McKinley, recently cleased from suspension for misbehaviour uring the Inter-Zone Davis Cup final with taly. (On netting a half-volley to lose the boubles, he hurled his racket into the stands, whence a spectator returned it with a courteous and-shake.)

Last year McKinley showed a wide range of trokes, and an ability to storm the net at the rucial moment that made him outstandingly ittractive. But his youth, lack of experience, and temperament must tell against him.

Among Continental contenders the name of Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy stands out. No basher but a touch player, he has this season shown fine form in the early Continental championships, and I do not think he has forfeited his right to be considered the best player alive on clay. The long grind of the Wimbledon fortnight however offers a special problem to one who—though actually younger than Fraser—reached the quarter-finals in the championship eight years ago. I take him as likelier to win than anyone outside the Australian camp, but any of the three leading Australians might have the beating of him.

Of the rest of the field only L. Ayala of Chile









NEALE FRASER

L. AYALA

and perhaps M. Santana of Spain can expect serious consideration. Santana is a young player with exceptional gifts for rising to the big occasion. But it is a thousand pities that his compatriot A. Gimeno has become a professional. The pair could have won the Davis cup for Spain—and given lawn tennis a much needed shot in the arm in the process. No Briton can be given an outside chance, though Michael Sangster's efforts will be watched with interest. For the men then I take Emerson to win with Pietrangeli as his chief rival.

What about the women? Without Maria Bueno the cast looks like *Hamlet* without Ophelia and Gertrude. Darlene Hard, despite some doubtful form, had the best hope, now she's out too. The Australian girls Miss M. Smith and Miss J. Lehane are next in line, but the best outside chance is Miss Ann Haydon, as zealous a fighter as anyone in the championships.

Without the professionals, without the two best-known women players, maybe standards of tennis will drop this year. But if the standard does drop, the attendance remains at the peak. The chance of wearing pretty clothes for a fortnight, the importance of not only seeing but of being seen, the delights of iced coffee and strawberries for tea, all go to explain why there'll always be a Wimbledon, whatever happens to the tennis.



E. BUCHHOLZ-ODD MAN OUT

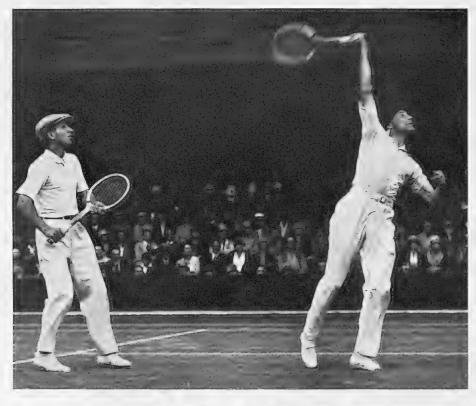
BASQUE BOUNDS AGAIN



1926

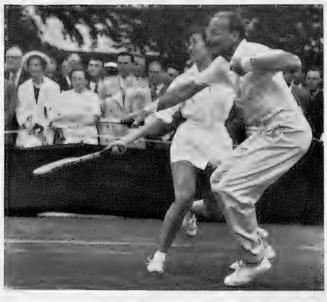


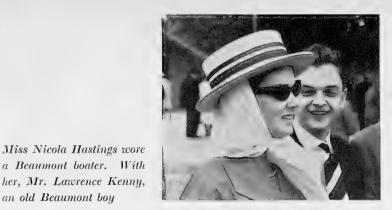
1929



1928

Jean Borotra is back at Wimbledon. He first played there in 1922, and at once had the eyes of the audience swivelling like windscreen-wipers as he raced about the court. Characteristically unable to stand still, even when other players were thankfully resting, he was soon dubbed the Bounding Basque. Fans were enchanted by his berets (he sometimes wore a different one for each set), his habit of only just arriving in time, and the gallant Gallic way in which he beamed whether he had won or lost. Very often he won. Borotra was Singles champion for the first time in 1924. He lost the title to René Lacoste the following year, but compensated by scooping up the mixed doubles (partnering Suzanne Lenglen) and the men's doubles (with Lacoste). In 1926 he was Singles champion again and that year also won the covered courts championship in France and England as well as being awarded the Wimbledon Jubilee Medal. Between the wars Borotra was the mainstay of the French Davis Cup team, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for services to sport. The Basque has bustled and bounced his way through the Wimbledon week 32 times. At 63 it is not surprising that he is here again this year. It would be more of a surprise if he were not.







Mr. H. C. Hewett, captain of Beaumont Past & Present, and Mr. B. R. Berkeley, captain of the M.C.C. team (also an Old Beaumont boy) toss up

a Beaumont boater. With her, Mr. Lawrence Kenny, an old Beaumont boy

CENTENARY CELEBRATION

Beaumont Old Boys turned out in force for the College v. MCC match & the opening of a new boathouse that marked the 100th birthday of the Roman Catholic public school at Old Windsor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Old boys and guests inspect the new boathouse. Below: The Very Reverend John Costigan, S.J., Rector of Beaumont College, outside the main building









Left: Beaumont oarsmen, Clover and Wilkinson, bring out their eight. Right: The Old Beaumont eight on the Thames

At the reception—Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tiarks and (lower picture) the Duke and Duchess of Bedford







RUSH HOUR





Homeward-bound from
the City & the West Ind,
the crowds gathered
outside St. Clement Danes
for the wedding of Miss
Henrietta Tiarks & the
Marquess of Tavistock,
and later outside Claridges
to watch the arrival of
the bride & bridegroom
& their guests for the
reception

Far left: Miss Flora Russell, at 92 the oldest representative of the Bedford family & (left) tiny bridesmaid Arabella Sweatman Right: The Maharajah & Maharanee of Jaipur. Below, left: Mr. & Mrs. Bryan Harris, who will join the bride & bridegroom on the second half of their honeymoon. Below, right: Mrs. John Ward & Mr. Mark Watney







Below, left: Mme Ofelia Mendoza with the Duke & Duchess of Sutherland, Below: The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava and Mrs. John Russell



ERIDE



The bridegroom holds up 2-year-old page Cassian Elwes for the wedding group. Right: Bride & bridegroom leave for their Caribbean honeymoon





WEDDING IN THE COUNTRY

Miss Miranda Doughty-Tichborne and her bridegroom, Mr. Christopher Motley (right), lead the procession after their marriage in the family chapel at Tichborne Park, Hampshire

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER





Guests shelter from a shower in the Tichborne Park grounds

Mr. D. Luscombe & Miss Zia Foxwell





Mrs. R. Hastings & Lady Jaffray





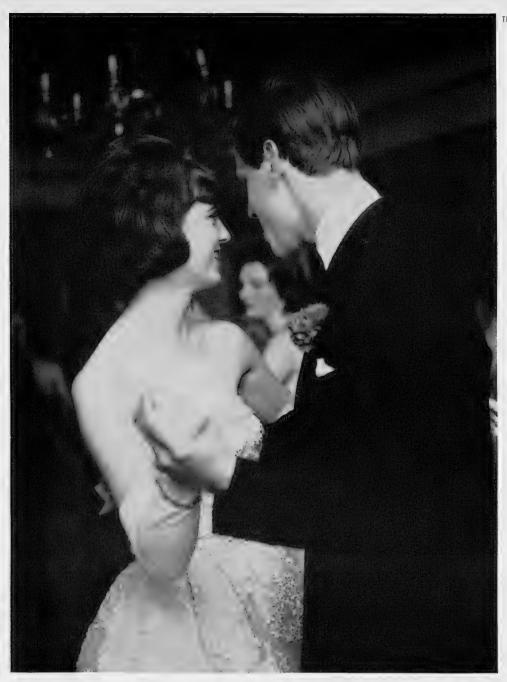
Lady Diana Douglas-Home & Mr. Toby Motley, the bridegroom's brother. Left: Miss Diana Gort, Mr. Panton Corbett & Miss Sarah Jane Corbett

PARTY AT A CASTLE

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Scott gave a dance for their daughter Verena (right) & 21-year-old son David at Encombe House, Dorset, in the lake-side grounds of the ruined of the century Corfe Castle hotographs: Philip townsend



Mr. & Mrs. Harold Scott. Above, right: their daughter Verena dances with Mr. Toby Clarke. Right: Miss Camilla Rumbold & Mr. Nigel Dempster









Miss Ariel Strickland

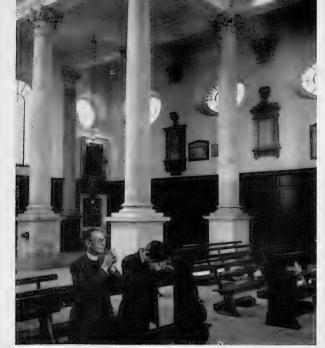
Miss Clare Davie

NEW LIFE FOR CITY CHRCHES



HE City of London has more churches to its square mile than any other city—this despite the fact that the space they occupy is probably the most valuable in the world. Good Christians have often suggested that if they were pulled down and the sites sold, the resulting millions would provide churches for every new housing estate in the country, or endow the Church overseas to good purpose. From the other angle, architects and historians have argued that these churchesmany of them from the hand of Christopher Wren himself—represent a national treasure that must not be dissipated. But what few people had ever supposed was that they would actually again be used as churches, or that the typical City church, described by Charles Dickens as "St. Ghastly-Grim," could fulfil a function

carried out by no other building or organization. Yet this is exactly what has happened, and happened to such purpose that the example of London is being copied up and down the country. Much of the credit for this is due to two men, Bishop Wand, the former Bishop of London who is now Canon of St. Paul's, and Oswin Gibbs-Smith, Archdeacon of London, who first of all considered whether a church should be only a parish church with all the responsibilities of Sunday services which that legally entails, or whether the time had not come for a new kind of church with a new kind of parson. Why not a church that would be there for City workers to use when they were at work, and could be shut when they were not? Why not a place for experiment—an "ecclesiastical laboratory" as someone called it? And why not call



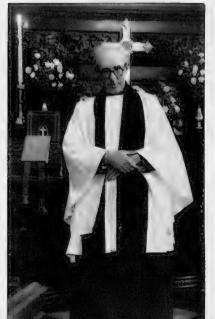
ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, Smithfield (left), unlike most other City churches, still attracts a regular Sunday congregation. Today only the chancel remains of the great Norman abbey. ST. STEPHEN WALLBROOK (right), early Wren, is now H.Q. for the Telephone Samaritans, organized by the Rev. Chad Varah (seen here), who prevent would-be suicides

ST. ETHELBURGA, the tiny church in Bishopsgate (below) dispenses the Christian ministry of healing; there are also amenities for office workers to enjoy their luncheon breaks in peace. St. Benet in Upper Thames Street is the City's Welsh church. Its vicar is the Rev. Enoch Jones (foot of page), an Honorary Canon of St. David's Cathedral, Wales



it a Guild Church after the great City guilds which had linked in one the ideals of work and worship?

The project received official blessing in 1952, with the passing of the Guild Churches Act. In place of 40 prewar City parishes, there would be 24, enlarged to cover the same territory: and of the other 16 churches-mostly bomb-ruined-four would be sold and 12 preserved or rebuilt as Guild churches of the new type. In fact, the idea itself brought new life to all the City churches, including those still labelled as parochial. It encouraged all sorts of experiments, and it brought to the City new men to put them into effect. First came the realization that in the desperate rush and flurry of modern commercial life, City workers treasure not only the opportunity of



quiet but no less the chance to pray. Before the war, few City churches were open all through the working day: nowadays, it is the exception to find one closed. More to the point, they are being used and the clergy who "live over the shop," turning the vestry into their daytime study, have in this way innumerable opportunities for making friends, answering questions, helping with personal problems.

Next step was the specialization by individual churches in certain particular aspects of the Church's work. Advice about "retreat" is given for example at St. Mary Aldermary; at St. Martin, Ludgate, there is counsel in marriage guidance, while the tiny church of St. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate is concerned with the Christian ministry of healing.

Thirdly, most of the great Church societies and





ST. PETER AD VINCULA (right), in the Tower of London, owes its name (St. Peter in chains) to the fact that prisoners worshipped there. BARTHOLOMEW THE LESS (below) is inside Bart's Hospital and used by its staff as a chapel, though remains a parish church





movements have now been given a City home. St. Botolph, Aldersgate, speaks for the Church of England Men's Society, Toe H is to be found on Tower Hill at All Hallows, and the Industrial Christian Fellowship will soon be moving into my own church of St. Katharine Cree in Leadenhall Street. This means that each of these churches will have a special significance for people scattered across the world: it will be their personal link with the City. Finally, there are several City churches that have gathered around them a regular and devoted congregation. In fact, several congregations—as each day brings a different one. They worship, for the most part, at midday, sacrificing part of their brief lunch hour for the purpose. But thousands of men and women have discovered that they get real help and strength by making this sacrifice—and thousands more would admit that they owe their first discovery of faith to the experience of worship in these once neglected shrines of Christian London.





ST. BENET (left) has a congregation that maintains the Welsh reputation for song. It is close to the Mermaid Theatre, whose founder, Bernard Miles, is seen below reading the lesson in the church of ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, over the Bank station. John Newton denounced the slave trade from its pulpit and many famous actors have worshipped in the church

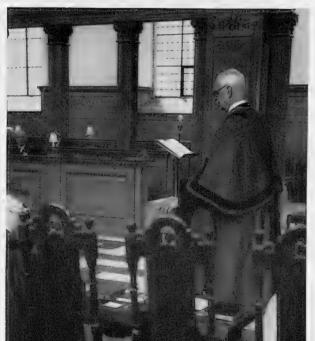


ST. MARY LE BOW where the Venerable Oswin Gibbs-Smith (left) walks is the church that means London even more than St. Paul's, whose great dome is seen through the window (below). Gibbs-Smith, Archdeacon of London, planned the Guild Churches scheme during the fire blitz, later watched the passage of the Act through Parliament





ST. BRIDE'S (right) is the traditional church of Fleet Street and the newspaper world. Appropriately Lord Astor of Hever reads a lesson in the rebuilt church. ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT (far left) has a tradition of church music. There, Paul Steinitz conducts the London Bach Society & the English Chamber Orchestra



NEW LIFE FOR CITY CHURCHES

concluded



olarization has nothing to do with sun spots, solar flares nor even with those interesting little batteries that keep space satellites happily bleeping away after months aloft. It isn't even all that new—Man Ray first discovered its potential in the '30s—but it took a society photographer more noted for a somewhat formal approach to portraiture, **Madame Yevonde**, to explore and fully develop the technique.

The process, briefly, involves photographing the subject against a black background lit by strong and concentrated light. A long exposure is given and during development the film is flashed with white light. From this point on anything can happen and the results are sometimes garbled enough to make the picture unacceptable on any terms.

This problem of control was the chief reason why other photographers left solarization severely alone, but Madame Yevonde is now exposing her sitters to the process with generally happy results. She points out that when the technique does work it presents the sitter in a completely new light and invariably records cloth and skin textures in a decorative and unusual way.

Incidentally, Yevonde has a theory that women fall roughly into two groups, Doves and Predators. She adds tactfully that both groups are equally interesting and attractive. There is also a third group called Birds of Paradise, rare and exotic creatures like Cleopatra, Gaby Deslys and Catherine of Russia, though Yevonde believes that this species died with emancipation. Two doves are included alongside, together with a stray French cockerel, but there are positively no predators in this selection from the exhibition which opens today at Yevonde's studio in Knightsbridge.





SITTERS SO





ARIZED



VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN





JUDI DENCH AS JULIET



ELIZABETH CUTFORTH

LORD KILBRACKEN

"with customary trepidation and more than usual diffidence"

I WROTE ON THIS PAGE IN JANUARY, AS THE CONSTANT READER WILL certainly recall, that I intended to be a good Lord in 1961. I was aiming, as a New Year resolution, at sitting three times, at least, in the course of the coming twelvemonth. My previous record of attendance in the House had been something less than perfect: I had got around, it's true, to the complex business of taking my seat within a mere 18 months of my father's death, which really wasn't bad, but in the subsequent eight years I'd only put in five or six appearances, and I'd never voted or spoken.

This, I decided, just wasn't good enough; if the accident of birth had made me a Peer of the Realm, I felt I should accept my legislative duties at least thrice a year, or else forswear the right of attending at all—as has in fact been done by some 200 Noble Lords, under a Standing Order (on sitting) adopted two years ago. I plumped for the former. With half the year now behind us, and the days (if you can believe it) already getting shorter, I feel I should put in this interim report on my political progress. I'm not usually much good at keeping resolutions, or indeed at making them, and I therefore state with something approaching pride that I have already done several times better than the modest target I set myself. So seductive have I found the Upper Chamber, in fact, that I have become very nearly a regular attendant.

It all began when I accepted the Liberal whip. My personal convictions had always been such that I had never sat elsewhere than on the Liberal benches, but I had not gone so far as to join the party. On 9 March I did so, bringing the tally of Liberal peers, incidentally, to 37—a much higher percentage of the total than in the Commons, but no greater than would be justified under P.R. (In 1959 the Liberals polled over 6 per cent of the total vote, if I may introduce a few words of propaganda, so we really deserve 50 peers, at least—and 38 M.P.s, what's more, instead of a mouldy half-dozen. But that's "democracy"!)

Having thus become one of a group, instead of a lonely individual with nothing and no one to back me up except myself, I found myself going down to the House, for an hour or so anyway, more afternoons than not—except on important dates like Derby Day. It is, of course, one of the best clubs in London, with an excellent dining-room, a bar that never closes when the House is sitting, a fine library, free telephones, a teleprinter (whose only shortcoming—a serious one—is that it doesn't give the racing results), and rather exclusive company. Oh, and there are also the debates, to give us a raison d'être.

To my considerable surprise, I found that almost every day there was a subject under discussion of real and lively interest to me. A slanderous legend has been allowed to get round that the House of Lords is as dry

as dust and that the matters which it considers are remote, academical technical and obscure. This just isn't true; I must admit that I have no personal interest in the International Tin Council, or Rural Sewerage or the Sheriffs' Pensions (Scotland) Bill, all of which came under thei Lordships' consideration last week, but there were also—as always many stimulating topics, ranging from rape to parking meters and from salmon-netting to the Channel Tunnel.

After a few divisionless days, the moment arrived when I had my firs opportunity to east a vote—it was in favour of a Labour amendment t the Criminal Justice Bill—and I have since taken part in no fewer that four divisions, which is four times as many as my father and grandfathe achieved between them in 40 years. (My father never voted, my grand father only once—and that was in 1910, in favour of ending the Lords veto power.) Each time I found myself voting against the Tories; and each time, needless to say, I was on the losing side, though on one occasion—an amendment to the Road Traffic Bill—the Government woulhave been defeated if the traitorous Labour peers had not voted with them.

There are usually at least two or three Liberal peers present at any given moment, and very often half-a-dozen or more, which is creditable enough when the total attendance rarely exceeds 100, is usually 20 or 30 and once recently fell to six. (It only takes three peers to make a quorum.) It happened that I then found myself the only Liberal present—the sole representative in the Upper Chamber of 1,661,262 voters. I felt like a midshipman who suddenly discovers he is the only officer left on the bridge of a battleship.

From this stage it was a relatively easy step to making my maiden speech—which neither my father nor grandfather had *ever* succeeded in doing.

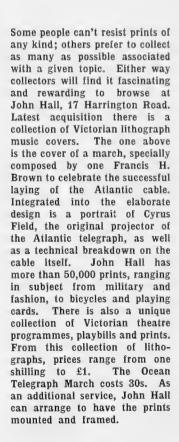
I chose for this occasion Lord Douglas of Barloch's motion on the contamination of food by chemical additives, which may seem a surprising choice, but which is in fact a subject of special interest to me as an organic farmer. I rose from my seat "with customary trepidation and more than usual diffidence," as I put it, at 5.28 p.m. on 15 June, and spoke for 18 minutes. Once I got going, I found this far less of an ordeal than I had ever expected: nobody could hope for a more considerate audience.

So, in six short weeks, I have sat about 18 times, I have cast half-adozen votes, and I have lost my maidenhood. I am beginning—just beginning—to feel at home in the House. I think I may say that I have almost become a legislator. And now I must be careful—very careful indeed. It would never, never do if I became a politician.



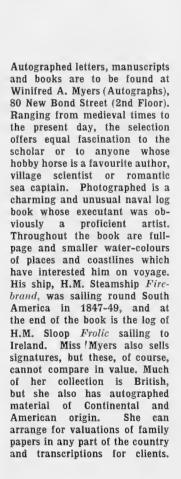
HELP FOR **HOARDERS**



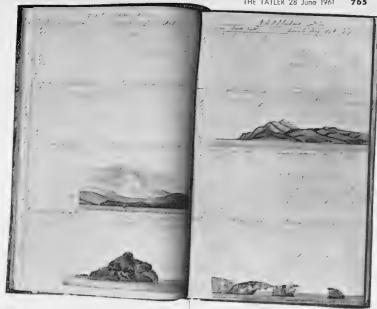


FRANCIS H. BROWN

Mr. S. F. Sunley, who has a small showroom at 1 Park West Place, Edgware Road, W.2, is the only expert in this country on antique singing birds. He is the fifth generation of a Swiss family always associated with musical boxes. His fascinating collection -which he is fascinating aboutincludes antique musical boxes, singing birds, musical automatafigures and musical clocks. As he has been collecting over the years to form a small museum Mr. Sunley will not sell some of his pieces, but there still remains a good selection of musical boxes to choose from, among them Victorian photograph albums which play a tune when opened. Singing birds are more rare. The automata-figures are French and quite entrancing; they perform amazing feats-a museum piece, over 100 years old, is an acrobat who acts in time to the music. Renovations and repairs are done by craftsmen in his own workshop. Mr. Sunley designs and makes modern musical boxes, and in many cases the movements are his own patent.



Numismatologists will find an earthly paradise at B. A. Seaby, 65 Great Portland Street. Coin collecting has become so popular that Seaby's have now several different departments. Twelve experts advise in their particular fields. They buy all over the world, selling most of their coins through the house magazine Coin and Medal Bulletin (yearly subscription 10s.). Their speciality is British coins through the centuries, but they have a fine collection of classical ones and others more obscure. In medals, their interest is mainly confined to 17th and 18th century British and European examples. Collecting coins can be an expensive hobby, but Seabys do not discourage youngsters from coming in during the holidays as interesting coins are available at under 10s. Ideal way to keep coins is in wooden cabinets with slotted trays. This one, specially made for Seaby's in mahogany, has 10 trays and would cost £15. Secondhand ones can be bought for about £5. Or cheaper, six cardboard trays at £3 15s., or individual trays at 9s. each.









Collectors' pieces for nature lovers that are rarities outside a jeweller's strongbox. All are hand-made with an attention to detail that matches the best work of bygone craftsmen. Eagle-eyed observers please note: the jewels are less than their actual size in these photographs by JOHN COLE

Flights of summer

SPECIES: Antique Dove. Plumage: rose diamonds, silver and gold. Price: £110. SPECIES: Early Victorian Swallow. Plumage: rose and brilliant cut diamonds, ruby eye. Price: £385. SPECIES: Golden Bee Brooch. Markings: 'ellow citrine and rubies. 'rice: £25 IOs. SPECIES: Dahlia

Brooch. Identification: dark red enamel on gold petals, diamond set stamens and leaves. Price: £330. SPECIES: Tortoise Brooch. Markings: yellow citrines set in gold, studded with diamonds. Price: £120. SPECIES: Dwarf Cyclamen. Identification: carved pinkRhodoliteflowers, Nephrite

leaves, bud and stem set with diamonds. Price: £170. SPECIES: Wild Briar Brooch. Identification: petals of pink enamel on gold, diamonds highlighting stamens and leaves. Price: £180. HABITAT: all these species at J. W. Benson, Old Bond Street

SPECIES: Blue Agate Bird. Plumage: golden head and wings. Price: £75. SPECIES: Butterfly. Markings: brilliantly coloured enamel set in gold. Price: £95 each. SPECIES: Fieldmouse. Markings: gold wire, amethyst body. Price: £45. HABITAT: All these species at Boucheron





Flights of summer

SPECIES: Antique Dragonfly. Markings: diamonds set in gold, ruby body and eyes. Price: £135. SPECIES: Antique Swallow. Plumage: brilliant cut diamonds, silver and gold. Price: £325. SPECIES: Eighteenth Century diamond flower. Price: £620.

HABITAT: All at Collingwood,
Conduit Street

SPECIES: Flower brooch. Foliage: diamonds, rubies and emeralds in a setting of 18 carat gold. Price: £735. SPECIES: Bird of Paradise. Plumage: 18 carat gold set with rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds. Price: £285. HABITAT: Both from Kutchinsky, Knightsbridge



SPECIES: Swallow. Plumage: solid gold, with wing and tail feathers set with baguette and round diamonds. Price: £400. HABITAT: At Rood, of the Burlington Arcade





SPECIES: Humming Bird. Plumage: small diamonds, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, rubies. Price: £860. **SPECIES:** Golden Daisy. Identification: royal blue enamel petals, pearl centre, diamond stamens. Price: £225. SPECIES: Lupin. Identification: sapphire

flowers, golden leaves. Price: £230. SPECIES: Daisy. Identification: set in gold wire with rubies, diamonds and emeralds. Price: £620. SPECIES: Butterfly. Markings: rubies, amethysts, sapphires and diamonds. Price: £1,860. HABITAT: all from Garrards

Flights of summer



SPECIES: Opal Kingfisher. Plumage: emeralds, sapphires and diamonds set in gold. Price: £1,680. Below him is a gold spray set with marquise diamonds. Price: £860. SPECIES: Baroque Pearl Duck. Plumage: gold head and wings, emerald

eye. Price: £250. SPECIES: White Agate Duck. Plumage: set in gold with emerald eye. Price: £100. SPECIES: Butterfly. Markings: Baguette diamonds in gold. Price: £675. HABITAT: all these procedes at Cartier. all these brooches at Cartier, Bond Old Street, W.I

Flights of summer CONCLUDED

SPECIES: Victorian Dragonfly. Markings: the larger has a specimen diamond forming the body, with rubies in the wings, emeralds set in the head. Wing span: 5½ inches. Price: £4,000. The smaller brooch is all diamonds, except for emerald eyes. Price: £600. HABITAT: both at Wartski, Regent Street



I am spending two welco in Wilternie

PHOTO CARD

(A A) C

and suffering from a bad dure of inferiorly. Certainly. Take a bottle of (an you suggest (a) make up (b) hairds Positan and use it every day to turn you a foxing brown (make a weather check with to suggest live been the Embassies first though). If you normally use lipstick, to 8t. Tropy? I'dbe forget it and concentrate on very which obliged the French girls' technique with lots of eye make up. Pick a hairdo you like out of Elle Edva and get the local man to copy

beauty Department
The Tatler
Ingram House
13/15 John Adam
Street
Adelphi
Lindon WCZ.

HOLIDAY HEART-CRIES

it. Drop the name Sasha often

The short answer is no. But there is a Chinese chiropodist now at work in London who will make your feet meet with China's standards. He doesn't go in for binding though but works with chisels to get feet into good shape. Location: Raymond's salon in Grafton Street. Name: Fongi. Telephone number: Mayfair 9847

Dear Miss Williamson, J. Arthur Dixon

My misband is young to Pality on

Chine in July and retriend 1966

with him. I won't to do the notice of

so that I won't be a disparted in

Is there anywhere this "out of the notice of t

St John's College Chape from the Backs, Cambridge.
Built last century by Sir Gilbert Scott, the Chapel has arcaded walls, open parapels, primacled buttresses with slaves in canopied niches, and a massive tower riving, to about 160 feet.

Colour Photograph by J. Arthur Dixon Studios

Benefy Editor,
The Tatler
Ingom House
13-15 Tolm Adam S
LONDON W C.2

AIR Property MAIL

When I came out of the action of the ac



Beauty Editor,
Tat ler.
13/15. John Haam St.
LONDON. W.C. 2.
ENGLAND.

Wear a swim cap. Failing this, rush off and wash your hair through in fresh water. Then treat with some rub-throughs with a nourishing dressing like L'Oreal's Shining Look. P.S. there are some pretty disarming swim caps this year, Harrods have wigs which take to water and Kleinerts are flowered

To shine you must take a deep scented bath (preferably with something completely un-monumental like the luring Femme). At the same time, pin-up hair and apply a layer of skin food to counteract dehydrating Cretan air. elaborate eye make-up in subtle shades (Lancôme's Ombre-Mat is for you because it doesn't budge an inch in heat due to its powdery consistency, plus their new liquid eye-lid liner in a shimmery algae (seaweed) or argent (silver). There's a new lipstick from Lancôme too, Rose Incarnadin —a pinky-orange)

AGHNAI: H N. TIPOSOFIE TOY EPEXGEIOY (KAPYATIAES)
ATHENS: The South Hall of Frechtheum (The Caryatides)
ATHEN: SUd-Halle des Erechthelon (Karyatiden)

suggest suitable
make-up for an evening party
in Knossos? During the day
I will have been helping my
husband excavote old
Cretan monuments and I
have a feeling I may
look like one myself.

Ariadne

άεροπορικός

Miss Elizabeth Williams.
Beauty Edilor
The Tatler.
London W.C.2
ENGLAND

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

VERDICTS



Marlon Brando as the Western bank robber, and Karl Malden as the friend who betrayed him, in One-eyed Jacks (See Films)



The Bad Soldier Smith. Westminster Theatre. (Moray Watson, Rex Graham, John Harvey.)

Looking back on Le Havre

one obvious difference between an autobiography and a play is that in the first there is no need to strive officiously to be fair to opponents, and that in a play if you don't achieve this always difficult feat there will all too plainly be no real conflict. Mr. William Douglas Home has explained in Half-term Report exactly why, as a serving officer, he refused to take part in the attack on Le Havre after learning that the German offer to evacuate the civilians from the city had been refused. Now in The Bad Soldier Smith at the Westminster he tries to get outside the episode and show it happening to someone else, a Captain Smith, signals officer in a tank squadron in Normandy.

The most serious criticism of the attempt is that there is only a Blimpish second-in-command to meet the hero's idealistic arguments with anger and contempt, and since this major is a mere caricature of offended patriotism absurdly rampant, the drama of ideas slowly languishes. Mr. Home nevertheless writes dialogue redolent of the atmosphere of that Normandy summer in 1944, and the talk in the regimental mess tent in the rear of the fighting squadrons is lively, realistic and entertaining. With a better story to tell *The Bad Soldier Smith* might have qualified as the *Journey's End* of the Second War.

The bad soldier seems to me, in one important respect, an incomplete portrait. He is a natural extremist who rides every belief that forms in his mind hell-for-leather. His intellectual assurance is complete.

Believing that the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration of unconditional surrender was a mistake likely to prolong the war unnecessarily, he no longer considers that he is fighting in a just cause. His attitude to this policy is not that of a signals officer but of a Cabinet Minister who, knowing all the relevant facts, feels free to resign rather than continue to support a policy of which he disapproves. Most of Captain Smith's fellow officers more or less share his views, but they have not his intellectual certainty that they have all the facts that have led the higher command and the War Cabinet to support the declaration. They are willing to suspend judgment, to make cynical and ribald jokes, to drink a good deal of whisky and to face the horrors of war with the best philosophy they can muster.

What is missing in the hero and what really distinguishes him from others in the mess is something that Mr. Home carefully avoids suggesting—a social assurance that matches his intellectual assurance. Smith would be a more considerable character if he backed up his extremist views with the suggestion that many of the men who were running the war were well known to him as members of his clubs, as fellow guests in country houses, even as relatives, and that he could not but remember the extreme fallibility of their judgments. As he is in fact presented, he is simply a fellow of dogmatic opinions who is perfectly sure that none of his opinions is ever wrong.

When he hands to his embarrassed colonel the resignation of his commission it is because he has finally decided that the policy of unconditional surrender is criminally wrong. The colonel, who has a great liking for his vehemently argumentative subordinate, risks his own career by not at once forwarding the letter of resignation to th brigadier. He hopes the latest brainstorm will blow over. Meanwhil the refusal of the German commandant's offer to evacuate civilian from Le Havre has produced an even greater brainstorm, and Smith doomed to be cashiered and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. The events have somehow lost dramatic momentum. The only question whether the hero has the courage of his extreme opinions, and th question has never been in doubt. Smith is the sort of man who would go to the stake for the least of his opinions. Mr. Home seems uneasil conscious of the loss of dramatic momentum, and ill-advisedly he trito make the loss good by winding up his drama with a most unconvincit little love affair.

But if the play is badly organized as a drama of ideas it is neat enough arranged as a reconstruction of life in the Normandy line. The heavy-drinking, humorous doctor who handles shell-shock case with such humane understanding; the padre who is more of a soldithan a theologian; the mess-servant who takes accepted liberties a readily as he apologizes for them; the sensible, but not very quick minded colonel—all these types are well observed and made theatrically viable. They are played admirably, and Mr. Moray Watson is exceptionally good as the hero. Only the stupid and vindictive second-incommand and a bitter-tongued A.T.S. officer are made of cardboard and it is they who ruin the play as a play of ideas.



Them clichés jest slide sideways

One-eyed Jacks. Director Marlon Brando. (Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, Pina Pellicer, Ben Johnson.)

Two Rode Together. Director John Ford. (James Stewart, Richard Widmark, Shirley Jones, Andy Devine.)

St. Tropez Blues. Director Marcel Moussy. (Marie Laforet, Jacques Higelin, Pierre Michael.)

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! "I WANT TO MAKE A FRONTAL ASSAULT ON THE temple of clichés." This is Mr. Marlon Brando baring his motivation—that is, letting you-all (and, for that matter, me-all) in on the secret of how come he jest had to make One-eyed Jacks, the "outdoor drama" on which three years of his young life and four or five million dollars of his backers' money were recklessly spent.

Maybe Mr. Brando's strategy was at fault; maybe he should have attacked that little old temple from the rear, or the air or something. Anyway, the film provides the clearest evidence that the frontal assault failed. The temple can be plainly discerned still standing four-square in the Western landscape—and, as far as I can see, not even dented.

Reports differ as to the amount of screen-time originally taken up by this picture. Some say it ran for a conservative four hours—others, doubtlessly designed to daunt, put the figure at six, seven and even eight-and-a-half hours. I am happy to be able to tell you that it now ambles along for a mere 141 minutes.

Mr. Brando, the director, has been over-indulgent towards Mr. Brando, the star; the action is maddeningly slowed down by innumerable and protracted close-ups of this two-legged ruminant, mentally cud-chewing in his own sweet, inscrutable way. Mind you, Director Brando has been pretty decent to Actor Brando's co-star, Mr. Karl Malden: there are a whole lot of close-ups of him, too—more's the pity.

As Rio, a gunman and bank-robber, Mr. Brando is out to settle an old score with a character called Dad Longworth (Mr. Malden)—his one-time best friend, who tricked him out of two bags of gold and into the hands of the *rurales*; five years of brooding in the stinking Mexican jail from which he has newly escaped have bred in Rio a fanatical desire for revenge. He'll bump off Longworth, if it's the last thing he does.

He throws in his lot with three other gunmen, with whom he rides to Monterey to rob a bank. And who is the sheriff in that town? None other than Longworth—who has become respectable and acquired a beautiful wife (Senorita Katy Jurado) and a cherished stepdaughter (Senorita Pina Pellicer—une belle laide of great appeal) named Louisa.

Longworth is a one-eyed jack (as in card-games), showing only half his face to the citizens of Monterey—but Rio has seen the other half of it and should have gone straight to his objective and killed his ruthless and cunning enemy in the first round. Instead, to humiliate the sheriff, he seduces Louisa (expertly and callously. in the film's most telling sequence); while giving Longworth additional grounds for hatred, Rio merely handicaps himself—by falling in love with the girl.

The sheriff, whose mind works so much faster than Rio's, soon gets his own back. He publicly and personally flogs Rio and smashes his gun-hand with a rifle-butt (a hideous moment) for shooting a bar-room bully in self-defence—and later frames him on a murder charge and throws him into jail.

While the gallows are being raised outside his cell (how's that for a cliché?), Rio escapes, shoots down Longworth in a street encounter—and rides off in all directions, promising Louisa that he will one day return to make an honest woman of her.

It cannot be denied that this is a handsome film—the elemental Pacific Coast scenery is impressively photographed in Vistavision and Technicolor—and it must be admitted that Mr. Brando, though now somewhat overweight, projects an animal magnetism which can be described (in peppermint terms) as curiously strong. All the same, and despite the pomposity with which it is presented, this is not one of the unforgettably gripping Westerns—like, say, that modest little number, *High Noon*.

In many ways, I preferred Mr. John Ford's Two Rode Together to Mr. Brando's epic. Under Mr. Ford's expert direction, Mr. Richard Widmark, as a U.S. Cavalry officer, gives a better performance than we had come to expect of him; lanky Mr. James Stewart makes a credible, if not altogether likeable, character of a Western sheriff—the film moves at a steady pace, and nobody hogs the camera for minutes at a stretch.

The military, pestered by settlers whose wives and children were carried off by the Comanches years ago, call in Mr. Stewart as the only man who can enter Indian territory and negotiate for the return of the white captives without causing a war. Mr. Stewart, with one eye on the main chance and the other full of pessimism (he's a two-eyed jack), makes the pathetic settlers pay in advance for his services—and then assures them that they won't want their lost kinfolk back when they see them.

Ten years in a Comanche camp will have turned a six-year-old white boy into a junior brave, with war-paint on his face, bear-grease on his hair and hatred of all white people in his heart, says Mr. Stewart—and the girls and women will have fared even worse: they will have become squaws—and quite unacceptable in white society.

Mr. Stewart knows what he is talking about—and Mr. Ford pulls no punches in proving it. Here, one feels, is a piece of authentic pioneering history—and what if it has been sweetened with a spot of conventional love interest? After all, it makes no claim to be anything but popular entertainment—and yet it does contain more bitter truth and social comment than the more pretentious Western we discussed earlier.

Saint Tropez Blues shows a horde of young Parisian students in frenzied pursuit of happiness, sex and sustenance, down south. It is full of sunshine—and ennui.



Suite Thursday and Peer Gynt, by Duke Ellington

String Along With Basie, by Count Basie

The Frank Wess Quartet

Hear My Blues, by Al Smith & Eddie Davis

Another happening in Monterey

THE MIXTURE OF NOVELIST JOHN STEINBECK AND JAZZMAN DUKE Ellington could only be catalytic. It came from the inspiration of those who decided to invite Duke to perform at the 1960 Monterey Festival, with a specific request that he should contribute something related to their local literary idol. The inevitable happened, because Duke pulled one of his best compositions out of the bag—Suite Thursday (SBBL618). He seeks for the indefinable, reduces it to its simplest common denominator, and serves it as a suite of such dimensions that I find it hard to know whether to describe its individual sections or to rhapsodize over its total effect.

Playing it to some friends recently, I found that they came to grief over the last track—Lay By. Here Ray Nance is featured as solo violinist, both plucked and bowed, against a background of rhythm and full band. I firmly resisted their suggestions that the violin has no place in jazz, and remain convinced that this is one of Ray's greatest contributions to the Ellington ensemble.

I wish I could say the same of Duke's attempts to set Grieg's well-known Peer Gynt Suite to his own orchestral ideas on the reverse side of this album. Recalling his recent masterpiece in transforming Nuteracker-Suite to 20th-century guise, I expected great things, but they never materialized. I think the trouble lies in the fact that Grieg was a great melodic composer, whose themes do not lend themselves to the intriguing treatment which the Ellington-Strayhorn partnership metes out. They swing the band in Anitra's Dance and Hall of the Mountain King, but the rest leave me distinctly in favour of Grieg's originals.

A regrettable combination of top ranking jazzmen with completely unsuitable backing is perpetuated in String Along With Basie (SCX3383). Despite the presence of Basie and Ben Webster this turns into nothing but pleasant background music. Fortunately the name and reputation of Basie is upheld better by one of his top soloists, Frank Wess, whose quartet presents an immaculate whole in a new Prestige/Moodsville album (MVLP8). Frank himself alternates between tenor saxophone and flute, which he plays in his own style, being one of the first flautists on the jazz scene. I have no qualms about recommending this sort of jazz, because it has that basic simplicity and purity of expression which must, in the long run, prove itself as a worthwhile form.

The other Prestige label, Bluesville, offers an interesting volume, Hear My Blues (1001). It features blues singer Al Smith to the backing of "Lockjaw" Davis and that outstanding organist, Shirley Scott. Their trend is towards the type of commercial tune epitomized by present-day pop radio, but the blues shouting adopted by Al Smith is something else. Here you can find the 1960 approach to the blues, related to but not copied from the works of the great masters, heavily laced with the gospel singing which has become almost a cult in the sphere of jazz appreciation.



When Britain was a Beggar's Opera

The Idiom Of The People, by James Reeves. (Mercury Books, 8s. 6d.) Island Zoo, by Gerald Durrell. (Collins, 12s. 6d.)

The Millionaire Mentality, by Michael Pearson. (Secker & Warburg, 16s.) Playwrights On Playwriting, ed. Toby Cole. (MacGibbon & Kee, 21s.)

Picasso, Early Years; Later Years. (Faber, 15s. each.) Pen To Paper, by Pamela Frankau.

European Interiors, by J. E. Schuler. (Macdonald, £4 4s.)

MY FAVOURITE BOOK OF THE WEEK IS A HANDSOME PAPERBACK reprint of James Reeves's gorgeous book of English traditional verse from the MSS of Cecil Sharp, The Idiom Of The People. Through these poignant, sardonic, and tenderly rueful songs there swaggers a brash company of flash young girls, highway robbers, sea captains, brisk young bachelors (who, once married, never get a wink of sleep—"She rubbed my shins till the blood did twinkle"), and venture-some Johnny the Rover, who served with the 69th Foot Regiment and jogged along disastrously with a pretty little Hazelbury girl whose garter came untied. The recurring theme, played cheerfully, regretfully, savagely and bitterly, is "He took her up into an inn, where he treated her to both wine and gin", and the lugubrious consequences.

These songs are direct and superbly immediate, and some of the surprises include what may be taken as an early 19th-century forerunner of the Sick Joke ("They're pulling out arms, legs like fun And unscrewing legs O one by one"). Anyone who still harbours the illusion that the English were ever a polite and inhibited nation should work through a little of *The Idiom Of The People* and marvel at the basic single-mindedness of the anonymous poets.

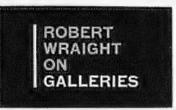
"Of course they all dropped their bits of fig and ran, but some of them were not quick enough, and the genet continued his way to bed, carrying in his mouth two dead mice. I had grown very fond of those mice, and I was annoyed with the genet. Still, I suppose he was very hungry, and you can hardly blame him." Fans, of whom I am one of the most slavishly devoted, will instantly recognize the tone of voice and the domestic problems of Gerald Durrell, who writes, with his customary hypnotic and zany charm, about his collection of beasts in Island Zoo. A mongoose tries to dig a hole in his stomach, Mathew the coatimundi tears a hole (six stitches needed) in his elbow, and Juanita the white-collared peccary bites him on the ear. Mr. Durrell persuades one that these tributes are among the highest joys life can offer.

After studying Mr. Suschitzky's photographs, my dreams are haunted by hairy armadillos, Guiana dragons, quokkas, Woodford's owls, and the unforgettable potto, with his astonished circular eyes and his saw-blade bones on the back of the neck, useful defence against grabbers in the tops of trees. Since reading *Island Zoo*, everyone I see on buses and in queues now looks to me like the potto, and I look at the backs of necks with nervous suspicion.

Briefly . . . The Millionaire Mentality, beside being a mystery to me, is a book by Michael Pearson about such remarkable characters as Billy Butlin, Isaac Wolfson, Raymond Way and Onassis. In spite of Mr. Pearson's insistence on the joviality of many of his subjects the book for me has a chilly quality summed up in the brief, bracing chapter containing 10 golden rules for making a fortune (swiftly and inevitably followed by the chapter headed "Why Do People Fail?"). While working as the world's most fabulous tobacco salesman (two million pounds of the stuff sold in two years), Mr. Onassis (who sounds both cosier and more bizarre when you read of him as Aristotle) slept no more than three hours a night, and those who wonder if it was worth it will clearly never be in a position to find out the answer. . . . Playwrights on Playwriting, edited by Toby Cole, is just what it says, an anthology taking in, among others, Chekov, Yeats, Ibsen and John Osborne, with all the peculiar charm of men talking shop, which is both socially unacceptable and the most rewarding listening in the world. I was particularly delighted to find a magical and memorable sentence from Chekov, writing to Gorky about *Lower Depths:* "How the baron got into the doss house and why he is a baron is also not quite clear." Somehow it seems to have an almost universal contemporary theatrical application, and inspires awe.

There are two new Faber Gallery books on Picasso from the Blue beggars to the Meninas variations, with introduction by Wilenski and notes on the pictures by the painter's friend and biographer, Roland Penrose. . . . Pamela Frankau's Pen To Paper is a brisk and strong-minded account of this writer's method of working, her involvement with her craft, and her relationship with her father—articulate, efficient and bracing. . . . European Interiors is a very de luxe job on interior decoration, with examples taken—there is the camera's evidence for it—from what one must suppose to be real life. On almost every page there is food for thought. "For libraries and studies, where concentration is needed, pale pastel shades or darker colours may be used." (It's a free country, stop all this dither.) "An umbrella-stand—here is scope for originality—and a few chintz-covered coat hangers should not be forgotten." (The umbrella-stand illustrated, "from a lady's garconnière," has a pale pink brolly and a lot of ivy growing out of it, hurray for it.)

I am particularly devoted to a "large combined living room, music room and conservatory," complete with indoor jungle and stately bird-cage, which "can only be described as spectacular," with orange chairs giving "a welcome dash of colour," and a "superbly feminine bedroom" with adjoining boudoir reached through a "simple archway." "The raspberry fitted carpet," sighs the caption, practically bereft of words. "is an inspiration." Half a second while I dash out for three or four chintz-covered coat hangers before the shops shut.



Paintings by Sir Alfred Munning Castle House, Dedham, Essex

The legend of Dedham

"LADY MUNNINGS SAYS SIR ALFRED WAS THE REINCARNATION OF JOH Constable."—"The embalmed body of Lady Munnings's famous Pekingese, Black Knight, is on show in a glass case at her home." "Lady Munnings has insured her late husband's paintings for £100,000."—"Dressed in a red satin Tudor jacket and a white ru Lady Munnings's dog Toby opened a fête by singing a song."

The newspaper reports came thick, fast and incredible just before Castle House was opened to the half-a-crown a time customers at the beginning of the month. And I must confess that it was curiosity about their veracity, rather than enthusiasm for the paintings of the one-time. President of the Royal Academy, that prompted my pilgrimage to remotest Essex.

Having made the trip I am now able to report that all the reports are true—well, almost all are almost true. Black Knight is there in a glass case, surrounded by his toys, his telephone, his "badge of the Freedom of the City of London" and a first edition of "his" book, The Diary Of A Freeman (another first-edition copy of which, Lady M. will tell you gleefully, sold for 63 guineas at Sotheby's last year!). There, too, sadeyed but very much alive, is Toby the mongrel who was Sir Alfred's pet and who does make strange howling noises that the tone-deaf, at any rate, might mistake for singing.

Lady M. does aver that the spirit and genius of John Constable, who went to school not far from her handsome part-Tudor, part-Georgian house, was passed on to her husband. And, apparently unacquainted with Constable's dictum that "he who is self-taught is taught by a poor master," she adds proudly that Sir Alfred "never had a painting-lesson in his life."

Finally, the pictures *are* insured for a very large sum of money. And rightly, for there are a great many and a regular transatlantic demand for them at prices more than double those the artist asked in his lifetime. That the demand comes more from lovers of horses than from

lovers of art never seemed to worry Sir Alfred and does not bother his widow now. Why should it?

Indeed, it never bothered me until Lady Munnings stood me in front of an oil sketch of a rearing horse and said, "That's the most wonderful picture of a horse in movement. Only Munnings—or perhaps Stubbs—could have done it." Then she added, "But Stubbs didn't paint many horses in action, did he?"

I did not reply. I was thinking of Delacroix and Gericault and Degas. For there has never been any doubt in my mind about the answer to the often-asked question, "Was Munnings a horselover who happened to paint, or a painter who happened to love horses?"

Convinced that her husband was the latter, Lady M. has hung many landscapes among the horse paintings but, much as I hate to disillusion her, not one of them bears the ghost of a resemblance to a Constable.

But if Sir Alfred's contribution to art was, as I believe, a small one, his contribution to people's—and not only "horsey" people's—pleasure was considerable. In opening to the public (Sundays and Wednesdays 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.) the house and studio where he lived and worked for 40 years, his widow continues the pleasure-giving.

More than that, as guide she gives to her visitors an inimitable performance that is itself a work of art—of naïve and instinctive art—and a source of memorable pleasure. Having been privileged to act as audience at a "dress rehearsal" of her commentary I can vouch for its entertainment value if not for its chronological exactitude.

For those potential visitors who may be particular about the latter give the following facts: Alfred Munnings was born in 1878. At 14 he was apprenticed to a firm of lithographers in Norwich where he studied at the School of Art. At 21 he lost the sight of his right eye as he result of a blow from a briar while helping a dog over a fence. He as elected A.R.A. in 1919, R.A. in 1925, and was P.R.A. 1945-49.

ady Munnings in the conservatory of Castle House, Dedham, with by the mongrel, and a toy replica of Black Knight under her arm





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LENARE

Miss Virginia Anne Cayley to Mr. Richard Storey. She is the daughter of Sir Kenelm Cayley, Bt., & Lady Cayley, of The Malpas, Brompton-by-Sawdon, Yorks. He is the son of Sir Samuel Storey, Bt., M.P., & the late Mrs. Storey, of Settrington House, Malton, Yorks.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Fenella Nicholson to Major Douglas Christopher Prior. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. H. Nicholson, of Bayford, Herts. He is the son of Mr. C. L. Prior & the late Mrs. C. L. Prior, of Stock, Essex



YEVONDE

Miss Alice Floretta Sebag-Montefiore to Mr. David Gestetner. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sebag-Montefiore, of 28 Devonshire Place Mews, W.1, and of Brook Hall, Finchingfield, Essex. He is the son of the late Mr. Sigmund Gestetner and Mrs. Sigmund Gestetner, of 12 Charles Street, W.1



LENARE

Miss Michèle Masson de Fernig to Mr. John Richard Hiffe Bower. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Masson de Fernig, of Vallée à la Dame, Maransart, Brabant, Belgium. He is the son of Lieut.-Col. N. I. Bower, O.B.E., and Mrs. Bower, of Henley-on-Thames



VEVONDE



Miss Sarah Mary Tarleton to Mr. Peter van Gerbig. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. Ben Tarleton, of Broadhembury, Devon. He is the son of Mr. Howell van Gerbig, of Long Island, New York, & the late Mrs. Geraldine Boone, of New Jersey



PHILIP TOWNSEND

Miss Sarah Cartwright-Taylor to Lieutenant Peter Tyrrell, R.N. She is the daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. M. C. Cartwright-Taylor, of H.Q., Royal Marines, Plymouth. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tyrrell, of Home Farm House, Dale Park, Slindon, Sussex

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. C. A. R. Malcolm and Miss E. F. Byers

The engagement is announced between Charles Alasdair Ronald, son of Major and Mrs. G. H. Malcolm, Duror of Appin, Argyll, and Elizabeth Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byers, Hunters Hill, Blindley Heath, Surrey.

Mr. A. R. Weston and Miss C. A. Barnes

The engagement is announced between Anthony Ralph, only son of the late Major C. F. R. N. Weston, M.C., and of Mrs. Weston, of Mayfield Court, St. Leonards, Sussex, and Caroline Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. P. W. Barnes, of Treetops, Newbury, Berks., and Mrs. K. DeVries-Peters, of Wassenaar, The Netherlands.

Mr. P. E. Ward and Miss R. B. Page

The engagement is announced between Peter Every, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Ward, of Long Meadow House, Little Cornard, Sudbury, Suffolk, and Rosalind Brereton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Giffard Page, of St. Anne's, King George Avenue, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Mr. R. B. Caton and Miss A. M. Scott

The engagement is announced between Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. S. Caton, Biggin Lane, Ramsey, Huntingdon, and Angela Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Scott, Millfield, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.

Capt. J. Cook and Miss J. E. A. Sage

The engagement is announced between Capt. Jeremy Cook, Royal Signals, son of Col. and Mrs. W. C. Cook, of Connaught House, Aldershot, and Julia Elizabeth Ann, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sage, of Hathmoor, Canterbury Road, Farnborough, Hants.

Mr. W. N. McKersie and Miss F. Y. Senier

The engagement is announced between William Norman, son of the late Mr. William McKersie and of Mrs. McKersie, of Norwood, Campbeltown, Argyll, and Fay Yvette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy F. Senier, of 4 Burnham Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Mr. C. de B. Codrington and Miss F. A. D. H. Hall

The engagement is announced between Christopher, son of Professor and Mrs. K. de B. Codrington, of White House, Tonbridge, Kent, and Felicity Ann Dorenda Hampton, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Hall. O.B.E., M.P., and Mrs. Hall, of 8 Kensington Court Gardens, W.8, and Marsh, Buckinghamshire.

Mr. J. W. Jenkins and Miss V. J. Degenhardt

The engagement is announced between John William, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jenkins, of Ashley Court, Epsom, Surrey, and Virginia Jill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Degenhardt, Jonathans, Shire Lane, Chorley Wood, Hertford-

Mr. F. J. Stevenson and Miss P. J. M. Jackson

The engagement is announced between Francis John, son of the late Mr. F. P. Stevenson and of Mrs. Stevenson, of Rosecroft, Curdridge, Southampton, and Penelope Jane Monckton, daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. R. S. Jackson, of Pruett's Hill, Liss, Hampshire.

Major P. Ll. Waddy and Miss C. C. Newton

The engagement is announced of Peter Llewellyn Waddy, 13th/18th Royal Hussars (Q.M.O.), son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Waddy, D.S.O., and Mrs. Waddy, of Pitminster Lodge (West), Taunton, and Carolyn Claire, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. G. Newton, of Corfe Cottage, Taunton.

Mr. N. H. Block and Miss A. Harding

The engagement is announced between Nicholas Harry, son of his Honour Judge L. K. A. Block, D.S.C., D.L., and Mrs. Block, of Shiprods, Henfield, Sussex, and Anabel, eldest daughter of Mr. R. E. Harding, O.B.E., and Mrs. Harding, of The Old Mill, Bradford Abbas, Sherborne, Dorset.

Major E. L. K. A. Carr and Miss P. M. Phipps

The engagement is announced between Knyvet, son of the late Mr. Samuel Carr and of Mrs. V. G. Carr, of Belmont, Ropley, Hampshire, and Phyllida, younger daughter of Commander W. J. Phipps, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Phipps, of Leighton, Sole Street, near Cobham, Kent.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 783 for details.



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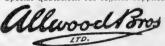
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MAN'S WORLD

Cosmetics anatomized

David Morton

A GREAT MANY REASONS HAVE BEEN OFFERED BY THE MAKERS EXPLAINing why men should use toilet preparations, but generally speaking
they have been somewhat nebulous. Toilet preparations, the advertisements say, are necessary, they will make us feel fresh, prosperous, crisp
and wanted—and furthermore women will fall in wide swathes before
the man who makes use of these aids to grooming. But few of the
manufacturers have got around to telling us what ingredients are put
in these preparations to make them do all these desirable things.
However, Dr. Zygmunt, one of the men who makes these products, was
kind enough to answer my questions. He is eminently qualified to do so
as he has a B.Sc. and a Ph.D. in bio-chemistry.

Dr. Zygmunt founded a toilet preparation business after the war—his products are sold under the name Ambassador. The range includes pre- and after-shave lotions, a deodorant, tales, a hairdressing, a tanning agent and shaving creams. To start with the pre-shave lotion; its purpose is largely to remove the excess of super-fatted acid and sweat which is formed during the night. When this is removed the stubble becomes stiffer and stands up to the razor, offering less drag.

There are two after-shaves in the *Ambassador* range; the first has an alcohol base, the second a liquid emulsion base with vitamins added. This vitaminized aftershave is especially suited to sensitive, dry skins. It is unwise (and painful) to use an alcohol-based lotion on dry skins, as they become drier and flake, apart from the burning feeling caused by applying the lotion. The vitamins in the emulsion-based aftershave are A & D; it has healing and sterilizing properties. Both lotions contain hibitin, which acts as a bactericide over a wide range.

Deodorants generally contain aluminium hydroxide. This has the power of precipitating liquid protein in the skin and at the same time reducing perspiration. Dr. Zygmunt feels this to be old-fashioned; his deodorant employs instead two strong bactericides, hibitin and cetromide —both of them kill a wide range of bacteria that reproduce in sweat: they remove the cause of the smell and so its effect. A little essence is added to produce a pleasant smell, and the deodorant does not react on silk, linen, nylon or wool. There are also two tales in the Ambassador range, one for the body and one for use after shaving. They both have the same properties as the deodorant as well as drying properties. It took $2\frac{1}{2}$ years to produce a tale that wouldn't look white on the face or coloured on the shirt, and Dr. Zygmunt isn't disclosing how it was done!

Aerosol containers are used to back two of the range—the hairdressing and shaving cream. Vegetable oils are used as a base for the shaving soap, both to keep the mixture liquid as well as to nourish the skin with their vitamins. But unless you shake the container the propellant gas doesn't mix properly and you will be unable to get all the Supershave out of the can. The hairdressing is non-greasy and is not a lacquer; it tidies the hair and keeps-it in place as well as containing a strong bactericide to fight dandruff. It contains almond oil, rich in vitamin A, which is readily absorbed by the skin. Dr. Zygmunt recommends two shampoos for dandruff—Lenium by Bayer, and Sebix by Abbots.

Ambassador's tanning agent is a cream, not a spirit, so that you can see where it has been applied. It nourishes and disinfects the skin. This tan is not a stain but produces a look like suntan. But however good it looks it does not give any protection against sun-burn, so go easy.

One perfume carries throughout the range, a compound based on four extracts—absolute jasmine, absolute rose, musk and fern. There are 324 other ingredients to give a rounder smell. The musk comes from a mink farm owned by the organization, but that isn't the most expensive item. Absolute rose costs 525s, an ounce. The perfume, though it smells the same in the end-product, has to be varied. The PH value (acid/alkali balance) has to be altered for different packs—and acid could corrode a tin aerosol container and even cause it to explode:

while soap has to have an alkaline perfume if it is to be fully effective.

Dr. Zygmunt has done much to break down the prejudice in this country that rejected men's toiletries as effeminate dandyism. There is certainly nothing foppish about Dr. Zygmunt; he flew in the Polish squadron during the Battle of Britain and later flew agents into occupied territory from Tempsford. He was decorated with the Order of Military Virtue (Poland's equivalent to the V.C.), the Cross of Valour (equivalent to the D.F.C.) and the Polish Air Force Cross. He is still flying, with Tiger Club. When he was studying at Cambridge after the war, the father of one of his friends gave him a cheque for £1,000, saying, "See what you can do with that, my boy." Well, he started Ambassador—and the turnover is £7½ million a year. . . .

DINING IN

The versatile ice

Helen Burke

FORTUNATE IS THE WOMAN WHOSE FAMILY LIKES ICE-CREAM, BECAUSE there is no basic material that responds so gracefully to being dressed up in so many different ways. Served plain with a wafer, it is pleasant; coated with an ice-cold or hot sauce, it becomes elegant; as a garnish for fruit and/or dressed with a fruit sauce, as in *Pêche Melba*, it is an exotic sweet. The sauce can be Melba sauce from a bottle or, at this time of year, made from fresh raspberries.

Here, for 6 to 7 servings, is the most delicious fresh raspberry ice-cream, made either in a freezer or in the refrigerator:

First, the freezer. Place 2 oz. lump sugar in a pan with just enough water to wet it. Heat it slowly and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Increase the heat and, without further stirring, because that would cause the sugar to crystallize, cook until the syrup spins a thread. Have ready $1\frac{1}{2}$ gills of uncooked raspberry pulp made by rubbing the ripe berries through a sieve fine enough to catch the seeds. Add to this $\frac{1}{2}$ pint single cream and enough culinary red colouring to tint it to a warm raspberry shade.

Slowly, while beating, pour the syrup into the beaten yolks of 2 large or 3 small eggs. Add to the raspberry pulp and cream. Turn this into the ice-cream mixer, set in its tub with packed ice and salt (3 parts chopped ice to 2 parts freezing salt). Work for 7 to 10 minutes. When the handle can no longer be turned, the ice-cream has reached its full-swollen stage. Withdraw the mixer, scraping the ice-cream off it back into the container. Put on a cover of greaseproof paper and the lid, sealed with lard. Drain off the water from the tub and replace with ice, allowing it to cover the container. Leave for 2 hours and the ice-cream will be ready.

Here is a RASPBERRY SAUCE to be served, hot, with it: Melt a small handful of sugar cubes in ‡ pint raspberry juice in a small pan, then simmer for 10 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons of port wine. Or serve half-whipped cream instead.

Now let us adapt the above recipe to one for making ice-cream in a refrigerator. The addition of the egg whites takes the place of the mechanical swelling of the ice-cream in the freezer.

Make the sugar syrup in the same way, whip it into the beaten egg yolks and stir in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ gills of raspberry *purée*. When cold, stand the bowl in a larger one and surround the first with ice cubes and cold water to float them. Stir until the mixture becomes fairly thick. Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream until the whisk leaves a trail when drawn through it. Turn this into the raspberry mixture and whip to thicken it again. Add also the red culinary colouring. Place the bowl in the coldest part of the refrigerator and leave to chill thoroughly.

Remove, beat until smooth, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into the refrigerator tray (or trays) and leave to freeze. Two hours before the ice-cream is required, turn back the refrigerator dial to normal or even a little colder than that. Serve with the hot raspberry sauce or cold half-whipped cream, as above.



MOTORING

Two winners from Sweden

Gordon Wilkins

WHILE DISCUSSIONS DRAG ON ABOUT OUR FUTURE RELATIONS WITH THE Common Market countries, our ties with the members of the Outer Seven are making Swedish cars more accessible to British motorists. In fact Volvo are advocating the abolition of all car import duties between the Outer Seven. Their new P 1800 sports coupé starts with a big advantage on the British market, for it is made in England. Pressed Steel do the body panels, and Jensen assemble, trim and finish the cars, using engines, gearboxes and other parts from Sweden. At present the output is entirely left-hand drive models for export, but right-hand drive cars will be coming through for the British market in a few months' time.

The other Swedish make is the SAAB and this, too, is now appearing in England. Pat Moss has been using one for some months. Its makers are one of Europe's largest aircraft manufacturers, producing among other things the Draken all-weather fighter which can fly at twice the speed of sound. They also build helicopters, guided missiles and electronic equipment.

Their car, as one might expect, is streamlined and carefully put together. The prototype, which I saw on my first visit to Sweden immediately after the war, even had the front wheels enclosed, but openings were later cut in the wings. At that time it had a two-cylinder engine but by 1955 it had grown a third cylinder and an extra eight horsepower. Since then there have been many changes; a neater front, larger windows, doors hinged at the front instead of the rear, and an increase in engine size from 750 to 841 c.c., but the basic outline and the general design have remained unaltered. The latest model is known as the SAAB96.

The engine is a two-stroke, which means there are no valves, nothing to adjust, no rockers, tappets and chains to rattle and clatter. But it has to be lubricated by mixing oil with the petrol; a pint to every $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 gallons. The engine is hung ahead of the radiator and it drives the front wheels. Inside the SAAB is simply finished but highly practical. Front seat backrests are adjustable and the height of the rear seat cushion can be varied. Front seat headroom would accommodate the most fanciful Ascot hat and there is far more headroom at the rear than the sloping roof line would suggest. The rear backrest can be taken out to give a clear loading space straight through into the roomy luggage trunk. The car comes with heater, a full set of instruments including a reserve warning light on the fuel gauge, single control working both wipers and screen washer, big lockable glove box, clock, softly padded vizors, and radiator blind.

There are air duets to demist the side windows and extractors alongside the rear quarter-windows draw stale air out from below the rear window, demisting it and keeping the interior fresh. Body panels have not been made too thin in the interests of lightness, and every ear is given a sealing coat underneath.

It is a small family saloon with a highly individual character, but when specially prepared for competitions it has won a great reputation in European rallies—winning, for instance, the last R.A.C. Rally, in which it was the only car to finish without losing any marks. Its fast roll-frecornering and slightly firm ride appeal to the sporting driver but it has no unusual tricks for the novice to learn. There is no feeling of crisis for you have to slacken speed in the middle of a corner and it is only when pulling hard round low-speed corners that the resistance felt through the steering reminds you that it has front-wheel drive. The brakes seed adequate but require a little more pressure than usual on the pedal.

The car I tried recently on the Continent had the optional four-specagearbox instead of the three-speed type. It is a big improvement. All gears are synchronized and the steering column change works nicely. This is gear gives about 60 m.p.h., and I got about 75 in top. Below 20 m.p.h. is top is not very smooth and it tends to splutter like all two-strokes. In this connection the free wheel is a help, and also permits gear changing without using the clutch, but it can be locked out of action if required

When cruising fast, the engine is as smooth as a turbine and it should last indefinitely, for there is very little to go wrong. Fuel consumption is not specially low; you get about 28 m.p.g. driving hard, but 35 s possible and it does not object to commercial grade. Durable and different, the SAAB sells in England for £885 2s. 6d.

The front-wheel-drive SAAB96, which has a 2-stroke engine



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